

The Academy

A Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

No. 1442. Established 1869.

23 December, 1899.

Price Threepence.

[Registered as a Newspaper.]

The Literary Week.

MR. CONAN DOYLE'S decision to volunteer for service in South Africa and to find his own charger is spirited and admirable. Not many literary men have the physique or means to make similar offers. We wish they had. But physique and means are not all that Mr. Doyle may be asked to provide. The Cape authorities are understood to desire the services of first-class detectives capable of unmasking Boer spies. Probably in their wildest dreams they never hoped for so distinguished an ally as Sherlock Holmes. Whether as a specialist in detection or as a man of might in action, Mr. Conan Doyle is equally a welcome recruit. And when all is over his pen will doubtless help us the better to realise what the sword has been accomplishing. It must also be remembered that Mr. Doyle's spheres of usefulness do not end with fighting and detection. He is also a very capable surgeon.

THE latest enterprise of Mr. Harmsworth is the projection of the soldiers' *Evening News*. This is to be an edition of the *Evening News* consisting entirely of war news for the consumption primarily of the British soldier who is engaged in making that news; and it has been decided upon because of the soldier's anxiety to know "what they are saying about him and his deeds in the old country." Personally, we feel that the soldier is better without such information. His duty is to fight, and not to read Fleet-street criticisms on his fighting. But this is a reading age, when everything is published, and Tommy Atkins having as much right to share the fashion as anyone else, we cannot urge our opinion very far. The Under-Secretary for War has, it seems, expressed his cordial approval of the scheme, and Messrs. Donald Currie & Co. are prepared to convey the papers to the Cape free of charge.

MANY of the private letters describing battles and incidents in the war have been excellent. A judicious selection would make a most interesting volume. It might well be published in monthly parts, beginning at once. A multitude of books on the campaign by professional correspondents are being arranged for. We hear of several applications to editors of daily papers for the names of the writers of special correspondence.

WE have received notification of the following changes in the S. S. McClure Co., of New York. By a friendly arrangement the present partnership between Mr. S. S. McClure and Mr. F. N. Doubleday, constituting the Doubleday & McClure Co., will be dissolved. Mr. Doubleday will continue business on his own account. Mr. McClure, in addition to conducting his own magazine (*McClure's*), will establish a new illustrated Review, and will publish an Encyclopædia and other books. Mr. Robert McClure, in London, will hereafter represent only the S. S. McClure Co. and its interests.

MR. EDWARD ARNOLD sends us the following instance of rapid printing. The third edition of *Red Pottage* was burnt while at press on the morning of Saturday, December 9, and the plates hopelessly damaged. Within three hours of the news being received sixteen compositors were at work at Guildford, re-setting the type, and by Wednesday night the whole book had been reprinted and an edition of three thousand copies machined. Thirty-six hours were occupied in binding, and the third edition was on sale at ten o'clock on Friday morning, December 15.

THE question "Have you read *Red Pottage*?" now has, by the way, a companion. People interested in the patriotic recitation at the Empire ask: "Have you heard *Brown Pottage*?"

A FORTUNATE misstatement in the *Periodical*, the excellent advertising magazine of the Clarendon Press, has drawn from Mr. Birrell the following letter of remonstrance:

SIR,—I was petrified with horror to find myself pilloried in the *Periodical* as a man capable of sneering at the Clarendon Press. I would as soon think of poking fun at the Parthenon.

How it was possible for the writer in the *Spectator* so to misread the passage quoted from my *Lectures on Copyright* would puzzle me more than it does had I not been a reviewer myself. His pipe probably went out just at the moment, and, after he had refilled and relit it, he lost the thread of my discourse.

What I had in my mind was not the supineness of the Clarendon Press, but the worthlessness of most copyrights after the death of the authors of the books. Supposing Mr. Tupper had bequeathed his *Proverbial Philosophy* to the Clarendon Press, how many editions of it would have appeared after Mr. Tupper's death? It is disheartening to be so easily misunderstood.

TWO new illustrated sixpenny weeklies will make their appearance next month—the *Sphere*, Mr. Shorter's new paper, and the *King*, which will be issued by Sir George Newnes. Mr. James Walter Smith will edit the *King*. Mr. Smith for long has been the editor of the American edition of the *Strand Magazine*.

MR. JOHN LATEY, the editor of the *Sketch*, sends us the following reply to our question as to what two books had most pleased and interested him in 1899: "*Fights for the Flag* and the first volume of *How England Saved Europe*, by the Rev. W. H. Fitchett, for, at a critical period of our history this most picturesque battle-limner has seasonably stimulated the patriotism of Britons by reminding us of the valorous *Deeds that Won the Empire*."

MR. A. B. WALKLEY, whose first series of articles under the title *Frames of Mind* has lately been published in book form, is contributing a second series to the *Morning Leader*.

From the *Chronicle's* "Wills and Bequests" column of Tuesday last:

Charles Grant Blairfindie Allen, author, died October 25, 1899, aged fifty-one; £6,455 gross, £3,500 net personality.

Francis Hudson, cheesemonger, died October 26, 1899, aged sixty-three; £275,810 gross, £190,086 net personality.

EVERY year Mr. A. P. Watt, the Literary Agent, puts forth blushing a little book of testimonials to his wisdom and operativeness from the principal authors for whom he labours. Year by year the book grows in size, since new clients are continually seeking Mr. Watt's assistance. This year, among the new and satisfied clients, we find Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, Mr. Maurice Hewlett, Mr. Whiteing, Mr. Bullen, Mr. Walter Raymond and Mr. Bernard Capes. All write enthusiastically of their dealings with their agent, and most of them playfully take pains with their letters. Mr. Capes is, as is usual with him, stylish. He writes:

I can only say that if your faith in me shall prove to be as well justified as is mine in you, there will be one contented author, at least, by-and-by in England. And in the meantime I exist in the perfect confidence that to this condition of mind I am destined—and through you. You have already, indeed, given me ample proof that man without an agent is a self-stultifying beast; and I am now of infinitely greater value (ratably) in my own eyes than I was before the beginning of my fortunate connexion with you. Pray keep me in conceit with myself by remaining mine faithfully,

As I am always yours faithfully, &c.

This, surely, is literature! Mr. Bullen has his little metaphor all pat:

I should say that you are not merely a luxury to a literary man, you are a necessity—a pilot to the voyager in unknown waters and an epitome of practical knowledge that acts as well as advises.

Mr. Hewlett is sententious and complimentary:

It is a great thing to have one's business smoothly done, and to find sympathy with one's hopes and aims. I quite realise also that your position between the Author and the Deep Sea is one of delicacy; but your tact has shown you the channel. I am sure you have no more to fear from prejudice.

But the cream of the new matter is the "characteristic" letter of the witty author of *A Double Thread*. This is an advertisement worth striving after; humour, sprightliness, allusion—all are here:

In the first place, you seem to be a sort of literary hazel-twig, possessing the magic quality of discovering Pactolian streams in most unlikely and unlooked-for spots. And, in the second, I find it a vast relief to push the burden of all my business arrangements on to your most efficient shoulders. One woman cannot be "like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once"—that is to say, an author, a good business-man, and a man about town: yet these I tried to be before I met you; but now I cheerfully devote myself to my tongue and my pen, and leave you to look after my pocket; with every confidence that—while I am enjoying myself—my pocket will give me full satisfaction, owing to your help.

I agree with the Irishman who said, "I don't care whether I live or die as long as I keep my health"; and I am convinced that every author who endorses this sentiment will do well to place his or her business arrangements in your hands, and so be saved no end of anxiety and trouble.

After this Mr. Whiteing's sober testimony is almost unreadable in its straightforwardness; but Mr. Watt should like it as well as any:

And it is something to be represented in the market by one who is no higgler, but who has a due sense of the buyer's position as well as of the seller's claims.

By a prophetic chance Macaulay gave Mr. Watt one of the best "notices" he has had. In the Essay on Madame D'Arblay he speaks of the old king, George the Third, trotting into the room with "What! what! what! in his mouth." Mr. Watt should adopt this royal advertisement as his motto.

THE following is the list of contents of the handsome volume of *Choral Songs by Various Writers and Composers in Honour of Her Majesty Queen Victoria*, which Messrs. Macmillan have just published:

AUTHOR	COMPOSER
With wisdom, goodness, grace . . . Alfred Austin . . .	Sir A. C. Mackenzie
Out on the windy West . . . Arthur C. Benson . . .	C. V. Stanford
Hark! the world is full of thy praise . . . Robert Bridges . . .	H. Walford Davies
For all the wonder of thy royal day . . . Earl of Crewe . . .	Sir Frederick Bridge
These boards are her mantle's hem . . . John Davidson . . .	Sir George Martin
Who can dwell with greatness! . . . Austin Dobson . . .	Sir Hubert Parry
Lady on the silver throne . . . Edmund Gosse . . .	A. M. Goodhart
A Century's Penultimate . . . Arthur C. James . . .	Charles Wood
With still increasing blessings . . . Marquis of Lorne . . .	Arthur Somervell
To her beneath whose steadfast star . . . Frederic W. H. Myers . . .	Edward Elgar
A thousand years, by sea and land . . . Henry Newbolt . . .	C. H. Lloyd
Flora's Queen . . . J. F. R. Stainer . . .	Sir John Stainer
The Triumph of Victoria . . . T. H. Warren . . .	Sir Walter Parratt

THIS sumptuous quarto of *Choral Songs* contains, it must be admitted, some very indifferent poetry. Writing for music is, of course, a shackling business; but there is no reason that we know of why it should lead to such loose rhyming as two at least of these poets indulge in. Mr. Gilbert, we may remind them, who has done more writing for music than probably any other living man, has never rhymed loosely. But look at this couplet from Mr. A. C. Benson's madrigal:

What merry breezes would not crack their cheeks to
laud her?

What gallant captains would not give their lives to
guard her?

and at this from "The Triumph of Victoria," by the President of Magdalen:

Then on the sea and shore the cannon boomed,
All hail! Great Queen, on shore and sea renowned!

Mr. Austin Dobson's two quatrains are as happy as anything in the book:

I.

Who can dwell with greatness? Greatness is too high;
Flowers are for the meadow, suns are for the sky;—
Ah! but there is greatness in this land of ours,
High as is the sunlight, humble as the flowers!

II.

Queen, of thee the fable! Lady, thine the fate!
Royal, and yet lowly, lowly, and yet great;—
Great in far dominion, great in pomp of years,
Greater still as woman, greatest in thy tears.

In the current number of the *Puritan* some particulars of the progress of Mr. Morley's *Life of Gladstone* are communicated by Mr. Herbert Field. This sentence is sanguine: "Probably the publication of the *Life* will not only awaken a new enthusiasm with regard to its subject, but will synchronise with a renaissance of many of Mr. Gladstone's views." The probable date of publication of the *Life* is said to be 1901. In the same number of the *Puritan* Mr. Richard Le Gallienne is permitted to dissuade its readers from joining the Church of Rome.

A VERY interesting gloss upon Mr. W. F. Collier's reading of this passage in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*:

The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye,
And when she weeps weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity—

to which we alluded in a review last week, is offered by a correspondent, "S. W. O." Mr. Collier, it will be remembered, argues that Shakespeare knew by an inspired intuition a botanical fact which science did not discover till many years after, namely that flowers do not propagate in wet weather. But says "S. W. O.": "Your reviewer's

notice of a work by Mr. W. F. Collier (ACADEMY, December 16, p. 719) leads me to believe that the author has failed to perceive the true meaning of Shakespeare's lines. 'Enforced' is equivalent to *violated* or *ravished*: see sundry examples of this use in Schmidt's Shakespeare Lexicon, and cf. *The Faerie Queene*, i. 6. 4:

'And burnt his beastly hart t'efforce her chastitie.'

ARCHBISHOP BENSON, whose biography we notice elsewhere, attended the funeral of Robert Browning in the Abbey as a private mourner. Afterwards he made this interesting entry in his diary:

Life wears apace, when I think how I remember Browning beginning, and all the world finding him too new-fangled for anything and queer beyond endurance—and that I have seen him laid to rest in Poets' Corner. I wonder whether I have anywhere put down a walk with Bradley and Tennyson. Bradley had been reading me *The Grammarian's Funeral*—and he said, "We'll ask Tennyson whether Browning's writing at large is poetry or no." Tennyson's answer was, "I'll think about it." In a week later apropos of nothing he observed, "I have thought, and it is." We had no idea for a moment as to what he spoke of.

"S. G." writing in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, tells the following story of the late Archbishop of Canterbury and *Dodo*: "Just after *Dodo* had taken the town by storm, Archbishop Benson went down to Tonbridge School, of which he was Visitor, to preside at a special function. There was a large gathering, and the Archbishop made a speech, in which he dwelt on the bygone customs of English public school life, many of which, he said, 'are now as extinct as the—'. Then he paused. It was not hard to divine the traditional simile which was on his tongue. A smile went round the room, spreading till it broke into a burst of laughter, in which the Archbishop joined. The sentence was never finished." But the advertisement, we might add, was.

MR. A. C. BENSON, though young, is rapidly becoming one of our weightiest and most voluminous authors. In the space of one week two books from his pen have reached this office. One, the life of his father, extends to two volumes with an aggregate of 1,500 pages and a weight of 4 lb. 12 oz., and the other, *Fasti Etonenses*, has 536 pages and weighs 3 lb. 8 oz. The total number of pages in one week's harvest is therefore 2,036, and the total weight 8½ lbs. avoirdupois.

THE following original sonnet to Eton stands on the threshold of Mr. Benson's book:

TO ETON.

Mother of men, my mother, fair, and free,
And gracious—and shall I, thy servant raise
Faint voice to swell thy immemorial praise?
Eton, whose mightiest sons are bold to be
Thy champions, and thy humblest children's plea
For greatness, is thy greatness. Time that lays
Hard hands on camp and castle, smiles and stays
His ruinous course to crown and quicken thee.
Some vast unshaken spirit seems to brood
Among thy halls, beside thy silver stream,
Old as old time, and young as yesterday,
Which to thy teaming sons doth hourly say,
"High be thy hope, my child, and pure thy dream,
"Laugh and be glad—have leisure to be good!"

At the present moment the word courage is kept exclusively for the absent-minded, but we think a little ought to be conceded to the gentlemen who have assisted to make the *Nova Anthologia Oxoniensis*. This work, which is edited by Prof. Robinson Ellis and Mr. A. D. Godley, contains some of the most intrepid assaults on difficult passages that were ever brought together. One gentleman, indeed, has provided a Greek version of a portion of Tennyson's "Northern Farmer."

OTHER translations from Tennyson are, by the way, to be found in *Poèmes Divers d'Alfred Tennyson*, by M. Léon Morel, which Messrs. Hachette have just sent to us. As a taste of M. Morel's quality, we give three stanzas from "Locksley Hall":

Mes amis, laissez-moi, pour une heure, au silence,
Tandis que l'aube est pâle encor;
Laissez-moi seul, et, quand vous voudrez ma présence,
Faites sonner l'appel du cor.

L'Amour alors, prenant le sablier du Temps;
Le tourne en ses mains de lumière;
Chaque secousse, fit s'écouler les moments
En sable d'or dans l'heureux verre.

Et l'Amour, saisissant la harpe de la Vie,
Frappa les cordes puissamment;
Frappa celle du Moi qui, dans une harmonie,
Passa loin de nous en tremblant.

Amy's husband, the clown, becomes in the translation "ce rustre."

ENGLISH publishers, it seems, have still much to learn. We read in the *Conservator* the following testimony to the Roycroft printing press in East Aurora, which has just put forth an edition of the *Ancient Mariner*: "An auroral beauty attracts to the Roycroft book the hearty concurrence of the eye. I see better, hear better, and literature tastes sweeter, when I feast with the philistines of this New York plantation. Old books go to Aurora to be re-created. New books go to Aurora to get an auspicious start."

MR. FRANCIS WATT is contributing to the forthcoming number of the *Anglo-Saxon Review* a study of Sir George Mackenzie, Lord Advocate under Charles II. and James II., the "Bloody Advocate Mackenzie" of "Wandering Willie's Tale" in *Redgauntlet*.

THE late Mr. Bernard Quaritch, of whom we speak elsewhere, was very intimate with Mr. Gladstone, and he once told an interesting story of the G.O.M. It was during an exciting political period, and Mr. Gladstone had been announced as immediately starting upon his Midlothian campaign. The same day the statesman called upon Mr. Quaritch, and asked for books bearing on the provincial church councils of the eleventh and twelfth centuries! Even Mr. Quaritch was surprised, and he asked the G.O.M. what he was going to do with such books at such a time. "Oh," replied Mr. Gladstone, rather surprised at such an absurd question, "I am going to take them with me to read in the train." Mr. Quaritch never forgot those who had been good to him when he was poor. When he began his London life his earliest venture as a bookseller was some educational books, with which he travelled from east to west of London without success, till his first order was given by Mr. Smith, now of North-street, Brighton. This circumstance was, of course, never forgotten by Mr. Quaritch, who ever afterwards retained a warm friendship for Mr. Smith, who was an old bookseller like himself. Mr. Quaritch's dearest purchase was the Psalter printed by Faust and Schoeffer in 1409, for which he gave £4,950. He had five copies of the famous Mazarin Bible printed in 1455, the dearest being £3,980 and the cheapest £59. It was Oliver Wendell Holmes who gave Mr. Quaritch the title of "Prince of Bibliopoles."

Mr. Punch announces this week, with appropriate comicality, his new plans for 1900.

To all whom it may concern, and there is no one on this habitable globe whom this matter does not concern, these presents:

On and after the first week of the New Year, with the number to be dated January 3, 1900, Mr. Punch will give, then and thenceforward, four and twenty pages, all told, at the old established price of Threepence, in which every

week will be comprised the special feature of the new issue, a story complete in one number, or "to be continued in our next" and in our next after that, as the case may be, by writers already eminent, or whose title to eminence it would be hazardous to question after their appearance among the "Extra Pages" in the distinguished service of *Mr. Punch*.

The first story will be contributed by Mr. Conan Doyle, who, *Mr. Punch* reminds his readers, is a connexion of Dicky Doyle, and, therefore, of H. B.

Bibliographical.

So the *Argosy* is to have a new editor, and issue from the house of Mr. George Allen instead of that of Messrs. Macmillan, who received it so recently from Mr. Bentley. It would be pleasant if it should again come within the limits of real literature. One remembers very well the earlier volumes. No. I. came out in December, 1865, with the *imprimatur* of Messrs. Low & Co. Among those contributing to it were Charles Reade (with the first chapters of "Griffith Gaunt"), Miss Ingelow, Miss Isa Craig, Miss Power Cobbe, Arminius Vámbéry, Alexander Smith, Dr. George Macdonald, Mr. Robert Buchanan, and the versatile, but almost forgotten, writer—W. B. Rands—who described himself variously as "Matthew Browne," "Henry Holbeach," and what not. Rands and Buchanan did some of their best work for the *Argosy*. Among other contributors were Mrs. Oliphant, Miss Rossetti, Miss A. B. Edwards, William Allingham, Henry Kingsley, and so forth. The third number bore the imprint of Alexander Strahan, who had naturally a tenderness for men and things Scotch. "Griffith Gaunt" was followed by Dr. Macdonald's "Robert Falconer," which, I fear, was not a happy choice. Nevertheless, the first four half-yearly volumes were very interesting, and are well worth re-reading at this time of day. With the fifth volume began the *régime* of Mrs. Henry Wood, who lived to control the forty-second; since then her son, Mr. Charles Wood, has held sway. And there is no reason why the *Argosy* should not again be what it was in 1865-66—a light, bright miscellany, with a close affinity to literature.

Talking of magazines, there is a new one called the *Charing Cross*. This is a case of an old title revived. A *Charing Cross* magazine was started in 1873, and seems to have struggled on, under successive editors, till 1879. So long as we have a *Cornhill* and a *Temple Bar*, and the like, there can obviously be no objection to a *Charing Cross*; but I am not sure that such titles are well chosen. They have, as a rule, the drawback of being utterly irrelevant.

They say that Dr. Ibsen is arranging the materials on which his authorised biography is by and by to be based. Up to now the only "life" of the poet-dramatist in English has been that which was translated from the original work by Jaeger and published in 1890. Before that, we had had to be content with the biographical sketch prefixed by Miss H. F. Lord to her English version of *A Doll's House* in 1882. Of late years there have been magazine articles galore, but the best recent sketch of Dr. Ibsen is that which Mrs. Tweedie included in her *Winter Jaunt to Norway*, about five years ago.

We shall soon want a bibliography of Ibsen. That he was first expounded to the English public by Mr. Edmond Gosse everybody knows (see *Studies in the Literature of Northern Europe*, 1879). A lady named Catherine Ray is credited with a translation of *Emperor and Galilean*, published in 1876; but I fear that that made no special mark. In 1880 there was published, in Copenhagen, an English version by T. Weber of *A Doll's House*. This was followed by the above-named version by Miss Lord, published in London (1882). In 1886 came *The Pillars of Society, and Other Plays*, in the "Camelot" series. To 1889 belongs the version of *Rosmersholm* made by Mr.

Louis N. Parker, now one of the most prominent of our playwrights. Not until 1890, I believe, did Mr. Archer begin to issue his translations of the *Prose Dramas of the Master*. In that year came Eleanor Marx's version of *The Lady from the Sea*. Then in 1891 we had the first version—Mr. Wilson's—of *Brand*, and the first version of *Hedda Gabler*, followed by *Peer Gynt* (1892), *The Master Builder* (1893), *Little Eyolf* (1895), *John Gabriel Borkman* (1897).

Since 1879, and putting aside Mr. Archer's polemics in the press, the expositions of Dr. Ibsen in English have been few. They include *The Quintessence of Ibsenism*, by Mr. Shaw (1891), the *Lectures*, by Mr. P. H. Wicksteed (1892), *A Commentary on the Works*, by H. H. Boyesen (1894), *Ibsen: a Lecture*, by Sir E. R. Russell (1894), *Ibsen on His Merits*, by Sir E. R. Russell and Mr. P. C. Standing (1897), and Dr. Brandes' *Ibsen and Bjornson* (1899). *Gleanings from Ibsen*, made by E. A. Keddell and P. C. Standing, appeared in 1897.

The late Mr. Quaritch left behind him something more than the reputation of a great connoisseur and seller of books. There were, for example, his *Catalogue of Oriental Literature* (1865), his *General Catalogue of Books* (began in 1868), his contributions to the *Opuscula and Miscellanies* of the "Odd Volumes" (1880-83), his *Reprints of Rare Books* (1885-88), his *Collection of Facsimiles*, from examples of historic or artistic book-binding (1889), and his discourse on *Palaography*, published privately, with plates, in 1894. His catalogues are a distinct boon to the bibliographer.

If a bibliography of Ibsen is wanted, surely we want one of Eton and Etonians. Mr. Cust's *History of Eton College* has been quickly followed by Mr. Benson's *Festi Etonenses*, and one would like to know where the procession of Eton literature is to end. Etonians have always been very fond of writing about their old school. There was a book of *Reminiscences* in 1831, another of *Memorials* in 1844, and a third of *Recollections* in 1870. Note may be made, also, of *Eton School Days* (by B. Hemmyn), in 1864, of *A Day of My Life, by an Eton Boy* (1877), and of *Eton of Old*, 1811-22 (1892). Additions to these might easily be made. Then there is the literature made at Eton by Etonians—such books as *Musæ Etonenses* (1834), *Lighter Hours* (1843), and poems on New Zealand (1842), and Poland (1864). Many are the School Lists and College Magazines. Since Gray, the poetical celebrants of Eton have included Capel Lofft (1806), Praed, and Mr. Swinburne (1891), whose Ode to Eton was inspired by genuine affection. To have been an Eton boy is to make a very powerful appeal to Mr. Swinburne's good nature.

At a moment when a subscription is being made for the benefit of Mr. John Augustus O'Shea, now (alas!) permanently disabled, it may be interesting to give a list of his published volumes, which constitute his claim to the sympathy of men of letters. It runs as follows: *Leaves from the Life of a Special Correspondent* (1885), *An Iron-bound City; or, Five Months of Peril and Privation [during the Siege of Paris]* (1886), *Romantic Spain: a Record of Personal Experience* (1887), *Military Mosaics: a Set of Tales* (1888), *Maid for the Morgue: a Tale of the Second Empire* (1889), *Roundabout Recollections* (1892), and (with Mr. S. J. McKenna) *Brave Men in Action*, 1899.

Great is the vitality of *The History of the Life of Thomas Ellwood, Written by his Own Hand*, which dates from 1714. A fourth edition of this popular work came out in 1791, and reprints of it appeared in 1826, 1837, 1855, 1877, and 1883—that in the last-named year figuring in Henry Morley's "Universal Library." Now yet another edition is to be vouchsafed to us, and no doubt it will be well received.

A correspondent, writing from Leicester, reminds me that Lord Beaconsfield's sonnet on the Duke of Wellington was printed by Mr. William Sharp in his *Sonnets of this Century* ("Canterbury Poets" series, 1887). It figures, by the way, in the Notes—not in the body of the work.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Primate of All England.

The Life of Edward White Benson, Sometime Archbishop of Canterbury. By his Son, Arthur Christopher Benson. 2 vols. (Macmillan. 36s. net.)

THIS massive biography of 1,500 pages leaves so many impressions on the mind that it is convenient to name one impression which it does *not* leave. It does not impress the mind with a deep sense of awe in contemplating the office of Archbishop of Canterbury. It is curious how, in laying down the last volume, one has the memory of having read only the life of a genial and versatile clergyman. Pomp, massiveness, grandeur—call it what you will—is lacking in the picture. There is surely a touch of irony in the fact that the only passage in the book in which the office of the Primate is deliberately exalted occurs in a bishop's after-dinner speech. The dinner was given to Archbishop Benson in celebration of his appointment by some of his old school-fellows; and Dr. Lightfoot, then Bishop of Durham, was in the chair. The Bishop began to speak of the glory and dignity of the office to which his friend had been called. It is in no spirit of mischief that we print his remarks side by side with a passage from a later chapter. The contrast they afford is not irrelevant:

I was invited to a dinner given in honour of the Archbishop by his old school-fellows. His most intimate friend, Dr. Lightfoot, then Bishop of Durham, was in the chair. . . . The Bishop went on to speak of the grand and powerful position held by the Archbishop of Canterbury, as the recognised head of the whole English speaking race in communion with the Church of England throughout the world, a position which he regarded as little inferior even now to that of the Bishop of Rome, and destined at no distant date to be even greater.

On June 21 the Jubilee Service on the completion of the fiftieth year of the Queen's reign took place. . . . A special police pass had been issued to him to allow his carriage to pass through the streets when all other traffic was stopped. About an hour before the service began he left Lambeth. The carriage was stopped at the south end of Westminster Bridge, and not even the production of the pass convinced the inspector that we had any right to proceed. . . . My father got very angry, and at last said, in a loud voice: "Well, all I can say is, that unless you allow me to proceed there will be no service to-day." This made the inspector reflect, and he rode off to make inquiries, returning almost immediately with the profoundest apologies. The passage of the carriage was the signal for about a hundred of the crowd to break through the cordon of police, seize the carriage behind, and run with it, but one by one they were torn away, so that we arrived at the Abbey alone.

Imagine this or any similar *contretemps* occurring in the life of the Pope, or of the least of foreign cardinals. It is unthinkable. The truth is, that the Primacy is not yet understood, or rightly revered, of the people. A Primate is the most courtly and remote of personages; a little greater, but certainly more remote, than the Lord Chancellor. His dignity is a Court dignity, and his splendour is the splendour of great occasions. But as a living and visible patriarch and Vicar of Christ a Primate is a nebulous personage. Archbishop Benson had intuitions of this melancholy fact. He was sensitive to the "£15,000 a year" jibes of the Lambeth working-man, and on one occasion asked some working men to the Palace to hear his explanations of this position. Once he wrote in his diary:

Rode to Whitelands to visit it—all dismantled—and round Battersea. Thousands and thousands of working-

men lining the Embankment and bridges to see the race for Doggett's coat and badge, and of them all is one man per cent. in the least affected by the existence of the Church of England in his spiritual being, in his morals, in his affection? Do they feel her touch on them in love?

After this it is rather amusing to read the Archbishop's remarks, in his diary, on Cardinal Manning's intervention in the Dock Strike of 1889:

The Strike of the Dock Labourers continues. Manning, as his wont is, appears on the scene, drives through the crowd, enters the Committee Room; all that passes is to be confidential; reappears, drops (as if he didn't intend it) the word that "he hopes he has done some good," is loudly applauded by the crowd, drives off. Those who know the man, and his resourceful brain, his character and knowledge of dramatic effect, will not be deceived. All others will.

The significance of the sneer is not really weakened by the fact that, a few days later, the Archbishop admits that "Cardinal Manning has done well in London"; adding: "But why has my dear Bishop of London gone back and left it to him?" Even a reader who, like the present writer, is neither an Anglican nor a Catholic, may prefer the worst construction of Manning's presence at the Docks to the best construction of Benson's immurement in Lambeth. Another story which Benson tells against Manning is not without its recoil. In 1885 he writes:

An admirer of Manning told me an illustrative of his skill and readiness, among others this:—A young fellow had joined the Romanists. The following Sunday the father of the young man made his way into the sacristy where Manning was unrobing after Mass among the priests. The poor father burst out with much indignation against the way in which his son had been secretly tampered with, persuaded to hold his tongue, and go to church regularly, until the moment of his reception. Manning drew himself up to his full height, stretched out his arm and long finger, and looking most impressive and ascetic as he stood still half-robed, said: "Hold! Man, you have blasphemed the Church of God—you have maligned the Ministers of His altar. You have hated the salvation of your son—and you yourself within three years will be a Catholic." All were profoundly struck—the father was speechless, and quietly went away. A little time afterwards my friend's informant said to Manning: "That was very astonishing. How did you know and feel so sure of what you uttered?" Manning said: "Well, my dear fellow, it was a very difficult situation; and I thought it might impress him."

The Primate doubtless thought this was a good story against the Cardinal, and no doubt it is; yet it shows Manning to have possessed a priestly power and dignity, intimate and available, to which the Primate himself had few pretensions.

It is curious that Mr. Benson seems unconscious of this missing element of priestly grandeur in his father's career. In his Preface he writes:

His [Archbishop Benson's] biography is simply the history of an intensely vivid nature, touching life at many points—through antiquity, history, art, religion, literature, and tradition, and throwing itself with equal ardour into all.

"Simply." Mr. Benson anticipates our criticism. For this (let the reader reflect) is written not of an artist, an author, a millionaire, or a man of the world—but of an Archbishop of Canterbury. We do not deny the right of an Archbishop to be many-sided; but this calm summary of Benson's career, his "intensely vivid nature, touching life at all points," is significant of the fact that whatever of grandeur and singleness the Primacy may lack, the Primate may lack the same qualities. Of the prescribed dignity of levées and occasions Benson had all that could be desired, yet he seems to have judged himself well when he writes:

The burden of all things seems to make me fidgetty from head to foot, so that I feel little comfort in leisure. I want a greater soul and a calmer way of looking at things.

A great primate or not, Benson had the qualities by which alone the Primacy could be gained. He was one of those men whose advance it is rarely convenient for anyone to challenge. Masterful, clever, industrious, and brimming with vitality, he strode on, and the world fell back as he approached. His sheer abundance of life commanded success. He fatigued people by his mere presence. His son admits that it was "a strain to be alone with him" on this account, and Mr. Benson tells how even when he was silent he showed a burning vitality. "I have known what it was to feel physically breathless from the speed at which his mind was working, without a word being spoken." He had a passion for detail and contrivance. When he put stained-glass windows into the new chapel at Wellington he worked out designs which should "give the boys something to puzzle at." Many years after, revisiting the school, he was "amused" to find that he could no longer interpret his own symbolism. Of his father's table-talk Mr. Benson gives some curious examples.

On one occasion, a long discussion took place at dinner as to what would be the result if two engines, moving at different speeds, were attached to a train: it was contended that if the first were slower than the second, the second besides drawing the train would have to push the first as well; if the second were slower, the first engine would have to pull the train and the slower engine as well. The Archbishop took a decided and totally erroneous view and defended it with vehemence. The discussion raged all dinner, and afterwards. When all were in the drawing-room, it broke out afresh, the Archbishop growing more warm every moment. Then suddenly he returned to a distant table, and began to turn over a portfolio, and to call his daughter's attention to an inscription; while thus occupied, he said, in a low tone, "I ought not to argue! I am always insulting when I argue—don't you think I am?" My sister said: "I shouldn't have used that exact word—you have been vehement." "Oh, it's more than that," he said, "I can't help using insulting and personal language." He then began to think over the problem again, drawing little signs on paper, and argued the question again at breakfast and all the way while driving up to London, with little less vehemence.

Mr. Benson says: "I can hardly imagine any definite line of practical life which my father could not have pursued with success." We agree; but in such a remark there is a subterranean admission that Benson was not a great archbishop. He was a most successful man in the Church, and he had many fine and lovable qualities—qualities to which we fear we have not given sufficient prominence in this survey of the largest biography that has reached us for years. We are bound to say that we think this Life unnecessarily long. Mr. Gladstone is reported to have said of the Life of George Eliot that it was not a biography but a reticence. Of the Life of Archbishop Benson we might say it is not so much a biography as a Benson Exhibition. But it is an interesting, even amusing exhibition, and Mr. Benson is a frank and skilful guide.

Popular Egyptology.

Egyptian Ideas of the Future Life. By E. A. Wallis Budge, M.A., &c. *Egyptian Magic.* By the Same. (Kegan Paul. Each 3s. 6d.)

EGYPTIAN religion has always been, and probably always will be, a crux to the historian. Our knowledge of it is for the most part derived from what are, numerically, but a very few texts left by priests who did not know they were writing for posterity, and some passages in classical authors of the time when the Egyptian religion was on its last legs. If we add to this that the separate civilisation of Egypt endured, with many periods of ebb and flow, for about five thousand years, and that during that period each of its forty-two provinces worshipped at least a different group of gods from its neighbours, it will be seen

that the summariser's task is by no means an easy one. Should he attempt to give ever so slight an account of the factors really necessary for the solution of the problem, he will produce so dry and bald a catalogue of gods and ceremonies that the student will not be able to see the wood for the trees. Should he dilate upon those which appear to us the most salient, he may find himself holding up as a type of Egyptian religion a form of worship which was persistently ignored by the vast majority of ancient Egyptians.

Out of this *impasse* Dr. Budge has chosen a way which has the merit of courage. He divides the different characteristics of Egyptian religion not according to their age or their popularity, but according to their moral worth. All those ideas which are, as he says, "sublime" he puts into his first volume, which bears on its cover the sole title of "Egyptian Religion"; all those which are, in his view, debased or superstitious are relegated to the second volume and labelled "Egyptian Magic." The dichotomy is not always strictly observed, for if the knowledge of divine names touched upon in the fourth chapter of his first volume be not magic it is hard to see what is. But this is a point of little importance. The principle which underlays his division is a good one, and if for religion we were to write the ideas of the educated, and for magic those of the uneducated, it might be applied to other religions than that of Egypt. His view of the ideas in his first category will also please those who prefer to everything a clear outline. All the Egyptian gods, according to him, were but varying "forms or manifestations, or phases, or attributes" of Râ, the Sun-god, who was on the same authority the type or symbol of the "One God who was self-existent, immortal, invisible, eternal, omniscient, almighty, inscrutable," and the maker of all that is, such god having, as he has elsewhere said, "all the essential attributes of the Christian's God." From this he proceeds to an account of Osiris, the divine man who was slain, buried, and afterwards rose again to confer the same benefit of resurrection upon his worshippers. He then gives a catalogue of Egyptian gods and their attributes which does not err on the side of fulness, and a full and clear description of the elaborate Judgment of the Dead, of the ideas of morality which the belief in it involved, and of the mummification of the body which it made necessary. A similarly clear description of the beatification of the justified, and of the curious subdivision of man's spiritual part in which the Egyptians believed, completes this volume, while the second contains an excellent account of the different amulets found in Egypt, of the funeral ceremonies of Pharaonic times, and several stories of magical and other superstitious practices, in search of which the author has gone somewhat far afield. With all the material relics of the Egyptian worship, Dr. Budge has had, as Keeper of the Egyptian Antiquities in the British Museum, a thorough acquaintance at first hand, and these chapters show that he has made full use of his opportunities. Although exception might be taken to a few of his statements in this connexion, they are not made without authority, and the uninstructed reader, to whom we suppose these volumes are especially addressed, will find few safer or better guides.

When, however, we come to examine Dr. Budge's theory of the central idea which he imagines to animate the whole religious belief of the Egyptians, we can hardly follow him so implicitly. It may at once be conceded that from the XVIIIth Dynasty onwards, or perhaps from an earlier date, all Egyptian divinities showed a great tendency to coalesce with different forms of the Sun-god and by so doing lost something of their strictly provincial character. From this Champollion-Figeac, as far back as 1828, drew the inference that the polytheistic worship of the Egyptians concealed the belief in a single god whose representative was the sun; and the idea was taken up and extended by the late Emmanuel de Rougé and Brugsch Pasha, the most celebrated living exponent of the theory being M.

Pierret, one of the curators of the museum of the Louvre. Dr. Budge does not directly quote these authorities—rightly thinking, perhaps, that such names would say little to the ordinary reader—and gives as proof of his assertions a quantity of texts, such as: "God is One and alone, and none other existeth with Him; God is the One, the One who hath made all things"—in which, as he says, the Egyptian word for god is employed without article, and with apparently the same significance that we should give to it in English. Now, we are not concerned ourselves to dispute the correctness of Dr. Budge's construction of these texts, but we think it well to point out that the best and most recent authorities think them to mean the exact contrary of what he here says they mean. Thus M. Maspero, who is admittedly the greatest of living Egyptologists, and who has said that he was once an adherent of Brugsch's monotheistic theory, was converted by a study of the texts themselves to the opposite doctrine that the Egyptian religion, from first to last, taught the belief in not one but many gods. His latest pronouncement on the subject [*Hist. Anc. des Peuples de l'Orient: les Origines*, p. 152] says, after admitting that certain theologians among the priests sought to combine the attributes of many deities in one:

But the god towards whom they were pressing had nothing in common with the god of our religions and of our modern philosophies. He was not, as ours is for us, simply "God." He was Tum, the unique and solitary god at Heliopolis; Anhur-Shu, the unique and solitary god at Sebennytus and Thinis. The unity of Tum did not exclude that of Anhur-Shu, but each of these gods, single in his own domain, ceased to be so in the domain of the other. The ever-alert and jealous spirit of feudalism was opposed to the dogma dimly perceived in the temples triumphing there over the local religions and extending over the entire country. Egypt knew as many unique gods as she had great cities and important temples. She never accepted the unique god, God.

Or shall we take the words of Prof. Wiedemann (*Religion of the Ancient Egyptians*, p. 109), a writer of greater weight on Egyptian religion than perhaps any Englishman:

Many passages [he says] are found in Egyptian inscriptions where it is stated that "god"—i.e., "a god," the indefinite article not being generally expressed in Egyptian—is praised. . . . It has often been concluded that thereby is meant the one god who is from everlasting to everlasting, the god of the Jewish prophets and even of Christendom. Such an interpretation is, as a matter of fact, impossible. The same texts which make these assertions speak of other deities as co-existent, and show that in using the word "god" the scribe was thinking only of the god most near to him, the god of his nome, "the god belonging to the city" of the texts.

These are opinions which from the position of their authors are entitled to the respect of every Egyptologist. Had Dr. Budge seen his way to refute them, he might have made the attempt in any of the technical periodicals devoted to the subject. So far as we know, he has not done so, and we, therefore, think it a pity that he should at once ignore and contradict them in a manual intended for the use of the general public.

ERE on my bed my limbs I lay,
It hath not been my use to pray
With moving lips or bended knees,
But silently, by slow degrees,
My spirit I to Love compose,
In humble trust mine eyelids close
With reverential resignation,
No wish conceived, no thought exprest,
Only a sense of supplication;
A sense all o'er my soul imprest
That I am weak, yet not unblest,
Since in me, round me, everywhere,
Eternal strength and wisdom are.

By S. T. Coleridge, from "Prayers from the Poets" (Blackwood).

Ford Madox Brown's Diary.

Pre-Raphaelite Diaries and Letters. Edited by William Michael Rossetti. (Hurst & Blackett. 6s.)

THE diary of a sincere artist is necessarily a valuable document, and it is the auto-record of several years of Madox Brown's life, when he was still a young man, that makes this book noteworthy. Some later years of his journal have already been given in Mr. Hueffer's life of the painter, but since the publication of that work Mr. William Michael Rossetti has discovered among his papers the portions which for the first time are now printed. The triumphs and disappointments, the hopes and fears, the beliefs and misgivings of the artistic temperament may all be studied here. The only thing that is lacking is its gaiety.

"I have long intended beginning this journal," Madox Brown writes in September, 1847; "praise be God it is begun at last." Brown is now twenty-six; his only daughter, Lucy, is at school at her aunt's at Gravesend; he is working hard on the figure of Chaucer in his *Seeds and Fruits of English Poetry*, his studio being a rat-infested building in Clipstone-street, Marylebone. The loss of his wife is continually with him, together with that dissatisfaction with self that all serious artists know. Here is a day taken at random: "Got up at half-past five, got to work by seven. Painted in the King's cloak (study). Workwoman came; set her to make the gown for Chaucer [of German velvet, a bargain, six yards at 10³d.]; myself made ears for the jester's hood, and began a drawing of it. In the evening began drawing in the draperies of Milton on the canvas." The entry is not quite typical. Often we come upon a confession of late rising or a wasted day, with "I am a brute and a sleepy beast," or some such utterance. On other days people call and hinder him, including "that devil Miss C—." His average of work is, however, five hours. His best friends seem to be the Lucys—Charles Lucy, the painter, and his wife. Dante Gabriel Rossetti's name first occurs on March 25, 1848: "Elliott, Thomas and Rossetti called; the latter my first pupil." Here is another day: "Got up at quarter-past seven; to work by half-past eight at the third head of Chaucer; made it worse than before. Had Mrs. Yates for it. Worked till eleven at it—quite horrible. Afterwards painted the two hands rather well; then painted the hands of Gower and one foot of Wiclif pretty well. . . . I set to work again at half-past nine till eleven, and drew in the figure in the spandril with the lily (ten hours' work)." We have faith in the self-critical power of a man who records these details. On May 18, 1848, he tries to persuade Thomas (Mr. William Cave Thomas) that "to imitate the true tone of the model it must be painted so that, when held up beside it, it would not be like it in colour." In the autumn he visits Manchester, Liverpool, and the Lakes with Charles Lucy. At Liverpool he sees his Wiclif "up high," and thinks it looks "damned bad."

The diary hereafter slackens noticeably, and in March 1850 it ceases, or at least there is now no trace of its having been kept. In August, 1854, however, it reopens with some vigour. Brown is married again, and has become the father of another daughter, Katy (afterwards Mrs. Francis Hueffer). The diary begins with a summary of its author's achievements in the interval. Among other paintings was the "Baa Lamb," of which he writes thus:

The "Baa Lamb" picture was painted almost entirely in sunlight, which twice gave me a fever while painting. I used to take the lay figure out every morning, and bring it in at night, or if it rained. . . . My painting-room being on a level with the garden, Emma sat for the lady, and Kate for the child. The lambs and sheep used to be brought every morning from Clapham Common in a truck: one of them ate up all the flowers one morning in the garden, where they used to behave very ill. The background was painted on the Common.

Other pictures belonging to this period were "King Lear," "The Last of England," and "Windermere." To resume the diary proper: in August, 1854, Brown and his wife take a little trip to St. Albans for a holiday. Here is a longer extract than usual:

We should have thought more of the fields, no doubt, were we not so much used to them of late. However, one field of turnips against the afternoon sky did surprise us into exclamation, with its wonderful emerald tints. And then we passed a strange sight; two tall chimneys standing separately in a small space of ground (about a rod, I suppose); the rest covered with black-looking rubbish, some of it smoking, some children looking at it. This, the day before, had been a house, the home of a young couple married some three months, the man a wheelwright. Fire surprised them in bed the previous night, it would seem, and they had to escape as they were, in their bed-clothes. And here lay all that they possessed, flattened down into black ashes. I broke a tooth a day or two ago, and the gap seemed for some days hard to reconcile with my impressions of what forms ought to surround my tongue. If so it is with the remains of a decayed tooth, the gap caused by the loss of all one has must be harder still to realise at first. However, they are young, and no life was lost; and, as the man is not an artist, there is yet hope of prosperity in store for them. And now we are at the *Peasden*, and Emma has just gone to bed, and I am writing God knows to what purpose (but vanity). And we have spent six shillings getting here, which is sheer madness in the present state of our prospects; besides one bob wasted on a description of the Abbey—certainly the silliest little book that fool ever penned, the most complete do that ever I was subjected to; fifty pages of the most complete vacuity that ever small-country-town-bred numbskull, without a shade of learning, ingenuity, or imagination, could possibly have put into circulation.

One evening in September, 1854, needing a kitten for the picture "Work," "Emma and I went out after dark and stole one." In the same month we find this:

The only thing I can never bring myself to do with care is writing. This has always (I know not wherefore) appeared to me as base and mechanical, and in some way I am sure to make it disgraceful. Either I spell it wrong, and this I can't help and never could manage; or else I get a bad pen, and so blotch and scribble it that it is not readable; or else I get sleepy, and fill it up with iterations or faults of prosody, which must make me appear like a most illiterate ass, which, however, I am not. Oh for Woolner's precision—rare in a man of art! . . .

The birth of Oliver Madox Brown, on January 20, 1855, is thus recorded: "This morning, at half-past 12 a.m., dearest Emma was delivered of a son, my first. He is very red, a large nose, eyes and shape of face like a Calmuck Tartar, shape of head like a Bosjesman." A page or so later: "'An unsuccessful man is a bore,' Woolner says."

Two more extracts, and we must leave the diary. This is Brown's criticism of *The Newcomes*, dated August 18, 1855:

The Newcomes is done. The end, though a disappointment to me as construction, is, for pathos and delineation of the "human 'art,'" beyond anything he has yet done. No end of 'kerchiefs might be wetted over it; but I read it dry, being used to misery in its actual state. But the *dénouement* disappointed me, I own. Thackeray seems to have got them into a mess, and either to lack the skill or the courage to get them out of it. In my humble opinion, Ethel should have died just as Clive would have been enabled to marry her; after which he should have taken to art *seriatim*, and have achieved a position, and so have learned the value of suffering. Clive should have wept her, and then turned serious and virtuous, and married someone just to take care of boy; or his wife should not have died, and they should at length have loved each other, and been happy in the end. This would have been far more moral, more probable, and more satisfactory to me. But he is the great word-artist of now.

With respect to *seriatim*, "Brown had a bad habit," says Mr. W. M. Rossetti, "of using this Latin word as if it meant 'seriously.'" The other entry describes Brown's visit to a dealer with "The Last of England," and other works:

Packed my five pictures in a cart, and at 10 a.m. started on my way to London, down the new Finchley-road—I driving, because it was too heavy to sit both of us in front, and perched up behind was anything but comfort. However, the pony, being a mettlesome beast, had no idea of going unless his own master thrashed him, and seemed to despise my attempts in that line; so we had to change seats. It is Barnet fair, and we were taken for return showmen on the road. As I got to the door in Percy-street, old White was knocking there. He looked at the picture for about one hour, and was most warm in his eulogium. I said last figure was £200 with copyright, or £150 without. I think he did not intend to buy when he came, but he seemed loth to leave it. At last he said: "I want you to give me copyright in, and will give you a bill at six months for £150." So I said, as it was *him*, I would take it; indeed, I would not have done so otherwise. Then he took the pencil-drawing for £7. He promises speedy fortune, and that in two years more I shall no longer sell my pictures to him, but command the highest prices in the art-market, and only give him a picture for remembrance of old times. Amen! say I.

These pictures and the man who painted them are now more rightly estimated. But in those days his struggles were bitter and unceasing, and his own record of them, simple and straightforward, is a document to be laid to heart. A sardonic humorist might profitably bind it up with the *Life of Millais*. Mr. W. M. Rossetti's editorial work is useful and discreet, but we wish he had told us something as to the character of the excisions which he has made. The extracts given in this volume, he says, "form perhaps hardly a half of the whole." What is the other half like?

The rest of the book consists of unimportant letters of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's and of Mr. W. M. Rossetti's journal of the P.R.B.

Mild Correspondence.

Letters from Lady Jane Coke to her Friend Mrs. Eyre at Derby (1747-1758). Edited by Mrs. Ambrose Rathborne. (Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 7s. 6d.)

"CHANGES will happen, and I have lived too long in the world to wonder at anything." Changes indeed have taken place since this was written in 1754 by Lady Jane Coke, widow of Mr. Holt and wife of Mr. Coke of Longford, Derbyshire. Lady Jane was the last representative of the Wharton family, sister to the famous Philip, Duke of Wharton, who—eloquent, scatter-brained, and reckless—contracted a "Fleet" marriage at the age of sixteen, and died in hopeless beggary at thirty-three.

Among the "wax lights, fine dresses, fine jokes, fine plate, and fine equipages" of the last century's "brilliant, jiggling, smirking Vanity Fair," Lady Jane's dignified simplicity of temperament reveals itself in strong, though passive, contrast to those blatant qualities more commonly in vogue among the women of the day. "One of the agreeablest girls upon earth" that world-famed gossip, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, calls her, and there is certainly no venom to be found in Lady Jane's pleasant correspondence to her friend Mrs. Eyre, formerly a Miss Cotton of Etwell Hall. Merely the evidences of a pleasant wit, a happy knack of turning phrases, even some hint of epigram. "The Prince of Wales's children acted Cato better than anybody ever did—but Royal children, you know, always excel," she comments, on one occasion; and, again, "As for fashions, according to the English custom, we follow the French Ambassadress!"

It is of this reign—George the Second's—that Thackeray writes regretfully: "Show me some good person—find me, among these gay people, someone that I can love." In the foreground of one's mental picture of the period certain prominent, if scarcely pleasing, women crowd—the beautiful, though often vulgar, Miss Gunnings, afterwards respectively Lady Coventry and the Duchess of Hamilton, mobbed at Assembly, rout and "folly"; Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, queen of letter-writers, caustic, entertaining, a woman "of parts," few of which she allowed to escape the world's observation; Lady Vane, nicknamed "Lady Frail," whose adventures Smollett immortalised; Miss Chudleigh, the bigamist, whose flagrant indiscretions, to use the lightest term, were rewarded by the King's kiss, "against all precedent," at a drawing-room "in the circle"; reckless Fanny Murray, who, according to Walpole, complained one night of lack of money, and on being given a £20 note, said: "D—n your £20! What does it signify?"—and ate it—between two pieces of bread and butter.

No wonder Thackeray called this period a "dreadfully selfish time," and spoke of it as of a "city of the dead" . . . with its "godless intrigues and feasts, crowds, pushing and eager and struggling, rouged and lying and fawning."

The life of Lady Jane appears from these records to have been a curiously restful life. She seems to have made her own atmosphere, to have kept the "sovereignty of the soul" undisturbed alike in London or the country. Her doings were advertised with no blare of trumpets, her attitude towards life remaining throughout rather that of the spectator of the play than the leading lady. Yet her position as wife of Vice-Chamberlain to Queen Caroline demanded her presence at certain court functions: she was emphatically "in things"; she knew the personages of the day, played the card-game of "Bragg," the period's excuse for gambling, with the best, paid such attention to fashions as behove the "queen" of Derbyshire county society. But in spite of this her actual pleasures appear to have been extraordinarily simple ones. She remained unmoved in a crowd where other women were constantly harrying and jostling each other. Her main delight seems to be the doing of some small kindness: the thoughtful remembrance and reward of a child's taste; the execution of some small commission for her friend; the seeking of patterns of novelties in mantua-making and headgear for Mrs. Eyre; the setting of jewels for her as "the mode decreed." On one occasion she even refrained from buying silk for her till the price was less prohibitive. In short, she gives every evidence of being a gentle-hearted lady who, if she seldom read books (there is no mention of her sharing her brother's literary tastes), studied those human documents, the men and women among whom she lived, and from them learned at least one lesson—how to dispense a kind and gracious influence.

It seems strange, in these days of easy travelling, to find a woman of fashion like Lady Jane content with what would now appear a very limited horizon. London, Windsor, Tunbridge Wells, Bath, Sunbury-on-Thames, occasional visits to the country, this is the extent of her travel after her husband's death in 1750. London life is not very "agreeable" to her, to quote the jargon of the day. "The weather is much too fine for London," she writes in the same year, "yet I am here wishing myself extremely in the country." Travelling in those days was of course a complicated process, but the repose of her mind seems to express itself in this disinclination of Lady Jane to undertake any very long journey.

Mrs. Rathborne, the editor of these letters, has done her task well. She explains the main points concerning the persons and events alluded to in the correspondence—and no more. The letters speak for themselves. They throw as pleasant a light upon the period as their pleasant author's personality must have thrown upon her companions.

Of the Stage, Stagey.

The Drama of Yesterday and To-day. By Clement Scott. 2 vols. (Macmillan & Co. 36s. net.)

Sir Arthur Sullivan: Life-Story, Letters, and Reminiscences. By Arthur Lawrence. (James Bowden. 6s.)

Sir Henry Irving: a Record and Review. By Charles Hiatt. (Bell. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE simultaneous appearance of these volumes is characteristic of the period. There can be no question that the Stage now occupies the mind of the English public much more than it ever did before. A reaction seems almost inevitable, but, in the meantime, the theatre and things theatrical loom very large in the popular eye. That they do so is due very much to the men who are the central figures of the three books above noted. Whatever else one may think of Mr. Clement Scott's work as a writer, one cannot deny to him an overwhelming—an almost pathetically overwhelming—enthusiasm for the Stage. He claims to have devoted his life to the theatre, and so, practically, he has. He is, to be sure, "the poet of the seaside"; but that is only during the slack theatrical months of August and September. If Mr. Scott did not go to the playhouse during those months, it was, we suspect, because there was nothing to see there. He calls his latest production *The Drama of Yesterday and To-day*. It could have had no more misleading title. Very little indeed has Mr. Scott to say, in these two distressingly bulky volumes, about the Drama as such. There are the usual rhapsodies about Tom Robertson and Sardou, but for the higher aims and forms of drama Mr. Scott has shown but little sympathy. His excursions in Shakespearean criticism have always been those of an honest Philistine. He did his best to suppress Ibsen and Maeterlinck (in England), and to thwart and discourage Mr. Pinero in his efforts to break through the commonplace. No; what has attracted and retained the devotion of Mr. Scott is not the Drama, but the Stage and things Stagey—the Stage as a source of entertainment for the middle classes and a means of livelihood for the Player. Wade through the thousand and odd pages of *The Drama of Yesterday and To-day*, and you will find that what has most interested Mr. Scott during all his years of playgoing has been the Acting that he has seen. Apart from Robertson and Sardou, his heroes and his heroines are "histrions." Of what is truly dramatic as opposed to theatrical, of the ablest writers of drama pure and simple, he shows next to no appreciation; while over actors and acting his mind, it is obvious, broods delightedly.

By the players, from the oldest to the youngest "leading ladies" on whom he bestows his praises, Mr. Scott's new volumes, one can well believe, will be perused ecstatically. For the general reader they will have little or no magnetism. None but the most inveterate and absorbed of playgoers would have the patience to push their way through this morass of more or less old matter. In producing this work Mr. Scott has been regrettably ill-advised. He might have written his autobiography, or he might have penned a history of the Victorian stage. He has sought to combine the two, and the result, from a literary point of view, is unsatisfactory. The autobiographical element is fragmentary, and the historical is incomplete; the whole is inartistically welded. Opening with a sketch of the London stage in 1841, Mr. Scott after a few pages suddenly breaks off to quote a long account of the death of Tyrone Power. He is for ever going off like this at a tangent, for ever interrupting his narrative in order to drag in an extract from some well-known work. In the first volume, especially, the use of quotation marks is incessant. Even the chapter headings are in inverted commas! And the frequent digressions in the way of biographical memoranda about players and playwrights are so bald and arid in manner as to suggest resort rather

to the pages of books of reference than to the memory of the autobiographer himself. Shapely this work certainly is not, and one could wish that Mr. Scott would now sit down and cut out of it all that is not genuine autobiography. Even then it would have the drawback of being in the main little more than a repetition of what Mr. Scott has been saying in the newspapers and magazines for many a year past. As it stands, it is a display of monumental enthusiasm, but of little more, for it is not sufficiently systematic and comprehensive in method to be of much service to the student of stage history. The most popular feature of the work, we should say, would be the large number of portraits of players, playwrights, managers, and critics with which it has wisely been endowed.

The book about Sir Arthur Sullivan has been put together by Mr. Arthur Lawrence, but with much aid, apparently, from Sir Arthur himself—in fact, the volume is a notable specimen of what may be called "biography by interview." The subject is unwilling, perhaps, to tell all the story himself, but he is willing to assist some other person in the telling. He consents to answer questions, and he supplies, perhaps, documents such as letters and so forth. This is what Sir Arthur seems to have done for Mr. Lawrence, and the result is a narrative which, we may be sure, will have many gratified readers. Sir Arthur, it appears, is of mingled Irish and Italian descent: here, no doubt, we have the sources of his flow of melody and his sense of humour. He has written oratorios and cantatas, and at least one "grand" opera, but will go down to posterity, if he goes at all, hand-in-hand with Mr. Gilbert. He has penned some charming drawing-room songs, but his chief title to honour is the fact that he collaborated in the unique series of which "Trial by Jury" was the opening item. He and his colleague, together, invented a new pleasure for all who can be touched by tunefulness and wit combined.

No one will grudge Sir Arthur Sullivan his biography, though one trusts it is premature by many a year. Mr. Charles Hiatt has produced a new memoir of Sir Henry Irving, probably because he had already celebrated Miss Ellen Terry in that fashion. For style Mr. Hiatt has little feeling; about acting he knows, seemingly, even less. But for all that, his account of the career of Sir Henry is the best before the public—the fullest and the most generously illustrated. Mr. Hiatt has more to say about the actor's Manchester days than had any previous biographer. His attempt to fix Sir Henry's position in the hierarchy of the stage comes a little too early. These things are best left to posterity. Meanwhile, this volume is a significant testimony to the mark made by its subject on his own generation.

More Children's Books.

THREE weeks ago we said something about the economical nonsense verse that has taken the place of the more copious outpourings which Lewis Carroll and Edward Lear offered. Mr. J. J. Bell, the author of the verse in *Jack of All Trades* (Lane), does something to redress the balance: he really has a gift for nonsense, a gaiety of metre, and a free-and-easy productive power. But he does not care for children as his great predecessors did. Here is a specimen poem:

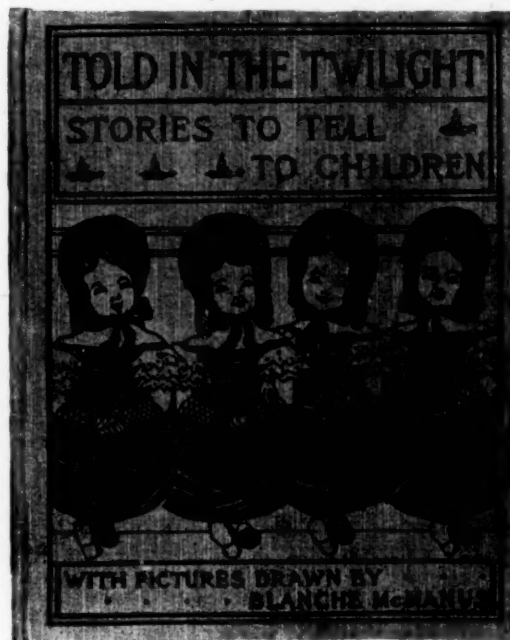
I'd rather be a cyclist,
Than any other beast.
For tho' he slays he never stays
Upon the slain to feast.

It's pleasant to remember,
While lying on the stones,
How, tho' you're dead, you needn't dread
That he will pick your bones.

He comes! You fall! He's gone! That's all!
He doesn't mind the least.
Oh, I'd rather be a cyclist
Than any other beast.

We cannot praise Mr. Charles Robinson's pictures, which affect ugliness and smudginess deliberately. Mr. Robinson is a delicate artist who can make beautiful things. Why should a false idea of pleasing children lead him to make hideous ones?

Under the title *Told in the Twilight* (Pearsons) Miss Blanche McManus has brought together a number of the best-known stories, either in their own words or newly



A COVER DESIGNED BY MISS BLANCHE MC MANUS.

adapted for small listeners. These include "Robin Hood" and "Dick Whittington," "The Ugly Duckling" and "The Pied Piper." To these she has put pictures. We reproduce the effective cover.

Under the title *Beasts: Thumbnail Studies in Pets* (Macmillan) Mr. Wardlaw Kennedy describes some of the animals that he has tamed and amused himself with. Among these is a mongoose. According to Mr. Kennedy the publication of *The Jungle Book*, with the story of Rikki-Tikki-Tavi in it, set a fashion in keeping mongooses which still obtains; and apparently Rikki-Tikki is the name to which they all answer. Mr. Kennedy has also kept an armadillo called Sennacherib (shortened to "Pig"), a cat named Cottles, a potto or kinkajou, and various other pets. He writes about them with agreeable high spirits, but his Latininity is often above the heads of those of his readers who will be most interested in his experiences. "Esuriant" and "pavid," for example, are hard words for small people. A more delicately charming animal book is the translation of Gautier's *Ménagerie Intime* which Mrs. William Chance has made under the title of *A Domestic Menagerie* (Stock). Gautier's cats are, of course, the most exquisite cats in literature. Further pleasant information concerning the cat will be found in *Tiptail: The Adventures of a Black Kitten* (Lamley), by Tertia Bennett—a pretty little history.

In *The Young Master of Hyson Hall* (Chatto & Windus) Mr. Frank R. Stockton has missed a great opportunity. In the first chapters we see an eccentric uncle running away from home and leaving his estate in the sole charge

of his nephew Philip, a boy of fifteen. When we say that on the estate is a sunken wreck, and a swamp in which a deadly upas tree is believed to grow, and that Philip is at liberty to use Old Bruden, his uncle's double-barrelled gun, together with his uncle's horse, and that he has but to ask the neighbouring banker for money to get it, it will be seen what a joyous time is before him. Unfortunately, Mr. Stockton has chosen to develop his story on less interesting lines than we could have desired, and the book does not rank with his successes. For the character of Chap Webster, Philip's chum, we are, however, grateful; and boys unacquainted with the altitude to which Mr. Stockton can rise may find *The Young Master of Hyson Hall* quite good enough.

Another book for boys, by an author known favourably to older readers for his novel *Mr. Passingham*, is *Cooper's First Term* (Grant Richards), by Mr. Thomas Cobb. Cooper is a very real little boy, younger than the ordinary schoolboys are wont to be; but his age is as well worth writing about as theirs. Among other things this capital little tale comprises a really worthy pillow fight. From the same publisher comes a new edition of *Helen's Babies*, with illustrations by Miss Eva Roos. Mr. Habberton's story has gone into many forms since it first took England by storm in the seventies, but it has never been better printed than in this volume.

Mr. Hassall's work is also to be found in *Primeval Scenes* (Lamley), by the Rev. H. N. Hutchinson, an attempt to do scientifically, though with no sacrifice of humour, what Mr. E. T. Reed did recklessly in his *Pre-historic Peeps*. This book should amuse children considerably, but we cannot away with the conviction that the idea is Mr. Reed's and the present work something of a "poach." Other "oblongs" include *The Cat and the Mouse* (Blackie), by Alice B. Woodward, an amusing version, in colour and monochrome, of a story excellently adapted to please little children; an *Animal-Alphabet Book* (Allen), by Sara W. M. Fallon, which would be more acceptable if it were in colour; and *Wonderful Willie* (Richards), a highly-coloured and dramatic American toy-book describing the exploits of two little boys, a gorilla, and a giraffe, in a successful campaign against the Spaniards.

Other New Books.

OUR RARER BRITISH BIRDS. BY RICHARD KEARTON, F.Z.S.

The brothers Kearton are doing a wonderful work with pen and camera. Their photographs and descriptions of British birds in their haunts are a new force in ornithology, indeed, we know of few books more calculated to awaken a love of birds, and desire to study them, than Messrs. Kearton's *British Birds' Nests* (1895) and this supplementary volume. Here Messrs. Kearton deal mainly with birds which, because of their rarity, they had not been able to photograph in their main volume. Typical birds of this class are the Great Crested Grebe, the Marsh Harrier, the Kite, the Lesser Redpoll, the Peregrine Falcon, the Bearded Tit, the White-tailed Eagle, and the Red-necked Phalarope. A feature of the volume is the authors' bitter declaration that the Wild Bird Protection laws are ineffective and even mischievous.

Eggs protected by law are still openly hunted for in broad light of day by children, young men and old men, maidens and white-haired dames; and, incredible as it may sound, even waited for hours together, morning after morning, until they are dropped into the nest by their layers. When the eggs of any species reach an attractively high figure in dealers' catalogues, it is a gloomy day for its slender band of representatives; but what shall we say of the prospects when a presumably rich collector deliberately places a premium upon its destruction, by giving 100 per cent. more than the recognised market price, which was all that he was asked for a clutch of eggs. The Wild Bird

Protection laws are very like a beautiful padlock and chain hanging useless on a widely-opened stable door which it is nobody's business to lock; and I have no hesitation in saying that the only real good done in the United Kingdom in the way of bird preservation has been accomplished by private effort.

The personal protection on the spot, not placards printed at Messrs. Eyre & Spottiswoode's, affords the best protection cannot be doubted; still we fancy that the laws do stem the tide of common bird-nesters. The arch-enemy is the country lad who takes eggs and destroys nests in the mere lust to destroy something that is beautiful and elaborate. Mr. Kearton says that "besides breaking eggs and doing helpless nestlings to death, some of them are guilty of the unspeakable cruelty of actually barring up birds sitting on their nests in hollow trees with stones, and consigning the faithful creatures to a living tomb." Mr. Kearton makes the excellent suggestion that school-boys should be provided with a really interesting and well illustrated reading-book devoted to British natural history, and that the older classes should be taken out once a month and put through field observations.

We should like to cull some of the facts and anecdotes with which this book abounds. It is interesting to learn, for instance, that the Peregrine Falcon is not killed off all grouse moors, but is "valued as a natural and useful weeder-out of weaklings and disease-stricken birds," and on that account is preserved in moderation. Similarly the Golden Eagle is welcomed on many Scottish deer forests because it preys on blue hares, which, if allowed to become numerous, are for ever giving warning to the deer of the sportsman's approach. It is interesting, too, to learn that the Great Crested Grebe has a haunt at Redhill, and that one pair brought off their young last summer in one of the lakes in Richmond Park. The discovery of a Marsh Harrier's and Montagu Harrier's nests in Norfolk is one of the triumphs of the book, the authors having waited years to hear of one. They travelled from London specially to photograph the nests, and easily did so, for, alas! they had just been robbed and the birds trapped. We hope that Messrs. Kearton will continue their unique work among British birds. (Cassell.)

THE ROMAN FESTIVALS.

BY W. WARDE FOWLER.

Mr. Fowler has written a book with which every student of Roman religion will have to make his account. He approaches his subject from the side of cult rather than that of myth, and his method is to take the *Fasti* of the republican calendar, and to discuss the character and ritual of each feast in turn upon the basis of the very scanty information which is in many places available. A wide acquaintance alike with the texts, with the speculations of English and German archaeologists, and with the results of folk-lore, have enabled him to produce a commentary of the very highest value. Mr. Fowler is not himself very enthusiastic about what he has achieved.

The task has often been an ungrateful one—one, indeed, of

Dipping buckets into empty wells

And growing old with drawing nothing up.

The more carefully I study any particular festival, the more (at least in many cases) I have been driven into doubt and difficulty, both as to reported facts and their interpretation.

Indeed, it is true that there are many problems of Roman religion still unsolved and, perhaps, insoluble. But alike as a storehouse of critically-sifted facts and as a tentative essay towards the synthetic arrangement of these facts, Mr. Fowler's book seems to us to mark a very distinct advance upon anything that has yet been done. It is curious to note that its publication synchronises with that of Emil Aust's *Die Religion des Römer*, and that Prof. Wissowa's *Religion und Kultus der Römer* may be almost immediately expected. This particular branch of religious history seems to be looking up. (Macmillan.)

Fiction.

Dartnell. By Benjamin Swift.
(Heinemann. 2s. 6d. net.)

A NOVEL, of course, may be anything one likes to make it, so that it was quite permissible for Mr. Swift to start from "a bizarre incident" (his sub-title), and with a man avowedly inhuman as his central figure. He is required, of course, to prove his case artistically. It is not enough to say: "If a book were ever written about him, no one would believe there could be such a man." This is the pathetic trick of a moment of imaginative exhaustion, and should have been relentlessly erased in the morning. Sir Charles Dartnell, we are told, "was neither moral nor immoral. He was neuter." That is not enough either; the man must be more consistent in his inconsistency, credible in his unnaturalness. Let us put Dartnell to the test of two essential lines of observation: (1) the question of taste—the gentleman. "He was the last of a refined and fastidious race, and he was going to be more fastidious than any of them." His refinement is insisted on again and again. Yet, under pretence of going abroad, he conceals himself in "the top flat" of his town house in order to watch his wife's guilty intrigue with Lord Odney! The thing is so inexpressibly silly that one smiles down a natural wish to punch the cad's head. (2) Dartnell is spiritual-minded. "Even human language, crowded as it is with carnal meanings, was inadequate to express the refinement of his thought." "He has studied all the passions, though he has none himself." Yet he sets his wife's maid to play the eavesdropper upon her, he is for ever chattering morbid rubbish about sex, and he "guesses" that he is afflicted with "the fury of Michael Angelo." Here we are on very strange ground—the abnormality of sex, which is rarely absent from supreme genius. Sir Charles Dartnell is not a genius; nor is Mr. Swift. He is a very clever writer; but he will never produce an enduring novel until he has learned to put more heart into his work. He may go on butting his brilliant head against human nature all his life, and will never so understand it. There is here no sign of that awed humility before the august mysteries of human frailty and human motive without which there can be no genuine insight and no reverence. Take a saying which indicates his present limitations: "Sex, hunger, and thirst," he assures us, "are the grim trinity which preside over the progress of mankind." They are nothing of the sort: the beasts experience them just as keenly as we do, and yet make no progress. Sir Charles Dartnell, in short, is a mere blurred monstrosity; and the other characters, if more comprehensible, make no abiding stay in the chambers of the imagination: they simply enter in at one door and hasten out at another. The book, nevertheless, is interesting, in its fugitive way, and it has a certain art—the art of an artistic temperament expressing itself at a rush. In intellectual brilliancy (which is really not one of the fundamentals of a good novel) this work is altogether inferior to *Nancy Noon* and *The Destroyer*. It is time, indeed, that Mr. Swift began to mend his ways. He has had a very patient hearing. He has fine qualities; and his literary instinct is so sure that, even in *Dartnell*, there is scarcely a misshapen phrase. But he must be told that in fiction there is a worse thing than commonplace writing, and that is insincerity of feeling, which is the unpardonable sin.

McTeague. By Frank Norris.
(Grant Richards. 6s.)

MR. NORRIS, aware of his strength, uses it brutally. *McTeague* is a narrative of lower middle-class life in San Francisco. The hero is a quack dentist, a great, coarse, simple-minded animal of a fellow, who marries an attrac-

tive girl of stingy and avaricious temperament. Trina possesses a fortune of five thousand dollars, won in a lottery, and though *McTeague* loses his livelihood by Government edict against unlicensed dentistry, she will not let him touch her capital. Together they descend, he growing more brutish, she more miserly. In the result he kills her for her five thousand dollars, and decamps. At the end of the book he commits another murder, and we leave him handcuffed to a corpse in the middle of a desert valley, where death certainly awaits him. The existence of nether San Francisco is described with grim and fearless vigour. No sordid detail is omitted, no revolting episode glossed over. We do not ask, if the subject is to be handled at all, that it should be trifled with, but we do ask that Mr. Norris's vision should comprise something beyond the gross animalism of humanity; we do ask for something of the spirit.

Let us add that Mr. Norris has a genuine imaginative talent. That was shown in his *Shanghaied*, a fine book that preceded *McTeague*.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

OUTSIDE THE RADIUS.

BY W. PETT RIDGE.

Mr. Ridge has here turned his searchlight of humour on the remoter suburbs. We have fourteen stories, all located in The Crescent, which is first described as a whole. "Many in The Crescent flatter themselves that they do not know the people next door, stating this with pride as though it made them worthy of the Victoria Cross; but their servants are acquainted, and this does just as well. Besides, there is Mrs. Lade." (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

THE SKY PILOT: A TALE OF THE
FOOTHILLS.

BY RALPH CONNOR.

The old piquant blend of mining camp wickedness in the light of a "revival." The sky pilot makes an immediate impression, but has to be content at first with one Sunday a fortnight. Preaching Sunday alternated with Permit Sunday. "Hi put it rather graphically. The Devil takes his innin's one Sunday and the Pilot the next." (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

IN THE COILS OF THE SERPENT. BY MARGUERITE ROSSO.

Melodramatic nonsense about awful wickedness, mental control, and a host of unreal emotions. "His letter did not take him long to read, but its contents interested him so little that he threw it over to his brother without a word and instinctively his fingers wandered to the zither on the table, and, with caressing tenderness, he swept the strings, bringing forth echoes of the most exquisite music." (Drane. 6s.)

PAUL.

BY FLORENCE MORSE KINGSLEY.

In this story, by the author of *Titus* and *Stephen*, the chief events of St. Paul's life are followed and expanded. (Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.)

THE SECRET OF MARK PEPYS.

BY FRED. J. PROCTOR.

Californian life in full key. There are half-castes, and senoritas, and stalwart redskins and guides, and a captive Indian girl. "Western pastoral life, with its gaiety, chivalry, and adventure." (Digby, Long & Co. 6s.)

We have also received *A Torn-Out Page*, by Dora Russell (Digby, Long & Co.), a story of love and blackmail; *The Favour of Princess*, by Mark Lee Luther (The Macmillan Co.), an historical novel of the time of Louis XV., opening with a description of the execution of Damiens; *Tales of the Strong Room*, by Frank Denison, horrors and mysteries of strong-rooms narrated by a strong-room expert; and *Soldier Rigdale*, by Beulah Mary Dix, a pleasant tale of old Puritan Mayflower days (The Macmillan Co. 6s.).

THE ACADEMY.

Editorial and Publishing Offices, 43, Chancery-lane.

The ACADEMY will be sent post-free to every Annual Subscriber in the United Kingdom.

Price for One Issue, Threepence; postage One Halfpenny. Price for 52 issues, Thirteen Shillings; postage free.

Foreign Rates for Yearly Subscriptions 20s. including postage.

American Agents for the ACADEMY: Brentano's, 31, Union-square, New York.

The World of Dickens.

IN honour of its "Memorial Edition of Charles Dickens," the *Daily News Weekly* has lately offered to the world a competitive examination in that author's work, and the results were published on Saturday last. The competition is interesting if only because by a hundred pin-pricks of suggestion, and provocations of memory, it sends us back to our Dickens to learn how little we know of that fantastic world of which he was the creator.

The questions were twenty-five in number, modelled, of course, upon Calverley's famous *Pickwick* examination paper. Here is one:

Show the connexion between poultry and elephants which, strange as it may seem, is made plain in one of the novels.

The reference is to *Dombey and Son*. The Game Chicken remonstrates with Mr. Toots for his poor spirit in refraining from "blowing on this here match [of Florence and Walter] the Stiff 'un."

"My sentiments is Game and Fancy, Master," returned the Chicken. "That's wot my sentiments is. I can't abear a meanness. I'm afore the public. I'm to be heard of at the bar o' the Little Helephant, and no governor o' mine musn't go and do what's mean."

This is almost too ingenious. Again, the demand for a parallel to "There's a young 'oman on the next form but two as has drunk nine breakfast cups and a half, and she is swelling wisely before my eyes," is not too well fulfilled in the reference to Dora's housekeeping, given in David Copperfield's words:

"But I apprehend that we were personally unfortunate in engaging a servant with a taste for cordials, who swelled our account for porter at the public-house by such inexplicable items as 'quartern rum shrub (Mrs. C.),' 'half-quartern gin and cloves (Mrs. C.),' 'glass rum and peppermint (Mrs. C.),' the parentheses always referring to Dora, who was supposed, it appeared on explanation, to have imbibed the whole of these refreshments."

An admirable answer has been furnished in response to the question asking for an example of Dickens's portraiture of the power of love:

"I pledge you my professional word I didn't even know she could dance till her last benefit, and then she played Juliet, and Helen Macgregor, and did the skipping-rope horri-pipe between the pieces. The very first time I saw that admirable woman, Johnson," said Mr. Crummles, drawing a little nearer, and speaking in a tone of confidential friendship, "she stood upon her head on the butt-end of a spear, surrounded with blazing fireworks."

"You astonish me!" said Nicholas.

"She astonished me!" returned Mr. Crummles, with a very serious countenance. "Such grace, coupled with such dignity, I adored her from that moment!"

This is, of course, from Actor-manager Crummles' eulogy of his distinguished spouse, in *Nicholas Nickleby*. Other examples occur to everyone. Think of John Chivery Junior as his mother pointed him out to Clennam, while he sat amid the flapping linen in the back-yard:

"It's the only change he takes," said Mrs. Chivery. . . . "He won't go out even in the back-yard when

there's no linen; but when there's linen to keep the neighbours' eyes off, he'll sit there hours. Hours he will. Says he feels as if it was groves!"

Or again of Mr. Venus, the anatomical artist, from whom, in consequence of the letter in which his adored one spurned his offer, and declared that she did not desire "to regard herself nor yet to be regarded in that bony light" . . . "all was fled save gall."

"My very bones [he confided to the other friendly-mover] is rendered flabby by brooding over it. If they could be brought to me loose to sort, I should hardly have the face to claim 'em as mine. To such an extent have I fallen off under it."

The young lady, by the way, was Miss Pleasant Riderhood; and here is a proper place to point out an error into which, in a certain "Frame of Mind," has fallen so Dickens-saturated a reader as Mr. A. B. Walkley. It is in his essay on Mme. Sarah Bernhardt that he uses the verb "to poll-parrot" as a synonym of "to imitate." Now a reference to *Our Mutual Friend*—and, especially to the account of a colloquy between John Harmon (disguised), Rogue Riderhood, and his daughter—will establish the true use of the word as the equivalent of "to chatter," or prattle.

"Why the devil don't you answer the Captain? You can Poll Parrot enough when you ain't wanted to Poll Parrot, you perwerse jade!"

Bleak House also furnishes an example of one of Dickens's rare slips from accuracy. Three are given in answer to Question XIII.; one is from *David Copperfield*, and *Pickwick* furnishes two. To these we may add (unless it is to be counted to the credit of young Mr. Smallweed's financial talents) that his adroit totalling of the score upon the occasion of his dining with the young man of the name of Guppy and Mr. Jobling was inaccurate. It ran:

"Four veals and hams is three, and four potatoes is three and four, and one summer-cabbage is three and six, and three marrows is four and six, and four half-pints of half-and-half is six and three, and four small rums is eight and three, and three Pollys is eight and six. Eight and six in half a sovereign, Polly, and eighteenpence out."

A reference to a preceding page shows that three pint-pots had been superadded.

Question X. is:

What lady was it who said that "if the police greased their whiskers less and minded the duties they were so heavy paid for a little more no one needn't be drove mad by scrouding so," and what was the cause of this outburst against the force?

The interpolated *s* will probably put most people on the track. It is, of course, the immortal Gamp.

"What a very ill-natured person you must be!" said Tom (as she hooked him with the handle of her umbrella).

Mrs. Gamp cried out fiercely: "Where's the pelisse?"—meaning the constabulary—and went on to say, shaking the handle of the umbrella at Tom, that "but for them fellers never being in the way when they were wanted, she'd have given him in charge, she would."

"If they greasel their whiskers less, and minded the duties which they're paid so heavy for a little more," she observed, "no one needn't be drove mad by scrouding so!"

The removal of the lion from Northumberland House to the neighbourhood of Kew Gardens is of happy omen in connexion with a passage from the *Sketches by Boz*:

Miss Teresa Malderton was a very little girl, rather fat, with vermillion cheeks, but good-humoured, and still disengaged. . . . In vain had she flirted for ten years; in vain had Mr. and Mrs. Malderton assiduously kept up an extensive acquaintance among the young eligible bachelors of Camberwell, and even of those of Wandsworth and Brixton; to say nothing of those who "dropped in" from town. Miss Malderton was as well known as the lion on the top of Northumberland House, and had an equal chance of "going off."

And, in relation to the changes which time has made in the aspect of London since Dickens's days, the projected thoroughfare from Holborn to the Strand would surely have formed a better bait to draw a reminiscence of Dick Swiveller than a cumbrous reference to the mimicry which, according to biologists, is one of the determinants of the evolutionary process:

I enter in this little book [said Dick] the names of the streets that I can't go down while the shops are open. This dinner to-day closes Long Acre. I bought a pair of boots in Great Queen-street last week, and made that no thoroughfare too. There's only one avenue to the Strand left open now, and I shall have to stop that up to-night with a pair of gloves. The roads are closing so fast in every direction that in about a month's time, unless my aunt sends me a remittance, I shall have to go three or four miles out of town to get over the way.

Obviously, Avenue Kruger—or whatever is to be its name—would have fulfilled what an Irish journalist was accustomed to call “a much-needed want.”

One is glad to see brought to the light Mrs. Skewton's appreciation of the eighth Henry:

So bluff! [cried Mrs. Skewton], wasn't he? So burly. So truly English. Such a picture, too, he makes, with his dear little peepy eyes and his benevolent chin!

With which you may compare a thumb-nail *résumé* of another sovereign. Was it not Lady Tippins's husband who had been knighted by George III. in mistake for somebody else?—“on which occasion His Majesty was graciously pleased to observe: ‘What, what, what? Who, who, who? Why, why, why?’”

Things Seen.

The Ways of War.

THEY tell me the altar was draped in black, that under the dome were soldiers, and that the full band of the Coldstream Guards was stationed in front of the choir.

They tell me—but this is what I saw in St. Paul's Cathedral on Tuesday afternoon at the Memorial Service for those who have fallen in the war.

The fog hung over the city. The churchyard was thronged. The steps of the Cathedral were hidden by a dense, black mass, moving up, up. I joined them and slowly was carried in. Then—what did I see? Choir, band, preacher, silent, seated congregation? No! I saw only the great dim north aisle, stretching before me like some vast avenue. The time-stained pillars streamed upwards into dimness, the fog and the gathering darkness mingled, illumined here and there by a bare jet of flaring gas. To the left hung the tattered colours of some who fell in the Crimea, and through the fog loomed their mute monument. In the aisle, the public, all in black, were wedged together, motionless, absorbed, fading beyond into the fog. All stood silent, listening. I had expected to hear Chopin's “*Marche Funèbre*,” but it so happened that when I entered, the Cathedral echoed to the sad melody of a simple hymn that carried back and touched old chords. “Brief life is here our portion” sang the choir, and as the verses slowly followed one another, rising mysteriously from lips we could not see, one by one citizens took up the refrain, each singing it quietly to himself, each with his own thoughts, for we were mourners. The effect was almost unbearable, and many stole away. As I went down the steps two soldiers were passing by. Each carried an outfit parcel. Their brown puttee-swathed legs peeped from beneath their long cloaks, and lower gleamed their spurs. So it was. There, in the Cathedral, Grief and the Past; here, in the street, Grit and the Future—the ways of War.

The Eclipse.

IT was a quarter-to-eleven last Saturday night when I climbed upon the tram-car at Kew to sail into London. I say sail, because it was with a sense of sailing that I travelled along the great highway through suburb after suburb under the moon. The tram bounded along with a kind of cantering energy that was delightful. But the cold began to assault me with cold stabs and colder embraces. I laughed. Thus do the North Sea pilots suffer at the helm; and for “the lit sea's unquiet way” I had the long rows of lights converging into the gloom of London. The wind, which was bitter in Gunnersbury, had become savage at Chiswick, and as we raced into Hammersmith it seemed vindictive. I changed, at the Broadway, to a red Hammersmith 'bus, and began the second long stage. A young woman was the only other occupant of a garden seat. She sat blue and unmoved. I looked at her and reflected that if she, the weaker vessel—then I screamed under my breath as the cold grasped my thighs. At the Albert Memorial my agony expelled a thin wonder: Will the moon or the young woman disappear first? As we rolled up the slope from Albert Gate they were both in my eye, but the cold pierced me like a bayonet.

A blush warmed my cheeks; I accepted my shame, arose, and descended to an inside seat. Later, as I rushed across Piccadilly Circus I turned and saw the young woman riding on to King's Cross, and the first coppery tinge of the earth's shadow on the moon.

Memoirs of the Moment.

BERNARD QUARITCH was not a king of booksellers alone. His mind to him a kingdom was as well as his shop. He had a great business, but he had also all his desires. He wished for no glory or profit other than he got. There are stories of Disraelian speeches of his when he left Bohn, whom he addressed as the head bookseller of London, whereas he himself was to become the head bookseller of the world. Well, he got just what he wanted—a place in Piccadilly, a banker's account which enabled him to write out a cheque for over £30,000 at a single sale, a reputation among his fellows for shrewdness, and their homage to him as a salesman who never—hardly ever—abated a price, not even the price of an Australian volume to Mr. Henniker Heaton. If there were other worlds to conquer, Bernard Quaritch knew them not. Daily he went down on his omnibus from his north-western suburb, and that was when most people were still at breakfast. In the evening he returned by the same vehicle, a volume under his arm as often as not—some new prize that he liked to look at in leisure. All the long day he was about in the shop, accessible to the humblest customer who had any need of his knowledge and skill.

THE real enthusiast has no recreations outside his own overmastering passion or hobby. The man who is keen at his profession and keen also at a game is usually playing—however lightly or solemnly—at both. White-headed Bernard Quaritch, therefore, was booky even in his amusements. He founded the dining club, “Ye Sette of Odde Volumes”—and the affectation of the name shall be forgiven to a Slav by descent, born in Saxony, and only naturalised in England—his talk was all of books; consequently he was bored by an ordinary club dinner. Lord Tennyson was once found—almost to his own surprise—with the Odde Volumes, and had a chance of talking Fitzgerald to the man who published the first translation of *Omar Khayyám* in this country; and among the customers at the shop in Piccadilly was, of course, Mr. Gladstone, and even he forebore to bargain with the Prime

Minister of Booksellers. Though he bore his four-score years lightly, and had been at his shop until almost the day he died, Bernard Quaritch had not faced the fatigues of the sale-room for several seasons, one of the Ashburnham sales being the last at which he appeared. "Quaritch" was still sung out as a purchaser: but, when you turned to see the veteran, it was not he. How far such a business is "a one-man business" time must show; but the traditions of its founder may well survive in the place which was, fifty years ago, his own almost single-handed creation.

THE name of the Earl of Tankerville at once recalls the Chillingham bulls—that famous breed which still endures in his Northumberland home, and which has given sport to princes. An Earl of Tankerville, as owner of the bulls, has to be a sportsman, and if the name of the peer whose death is reported this week has rather dropped out of memory in this connexion, one has only to remember that he was born ninety years ago. For fifty years he has held the title; he married, nearly half a century ago, Lady Olivia Montagu, eldest daughter of the sixth Duke of Manchester, and his heir, hitherto known as Lord Bennet, a traveller, an observer, and a wit, is now fifty-seven years of age. From the late Earl's mother, whose Christian name was Corisande, a statesman-novelist borrowed the entitling of his penultimate heroine. There was a great deal, besides, in the history of the Bennets to fascinate a romancer. The family began its greatness with a Bennet who was a commissioner for the suppression of heresy in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It is quite natural to add that his descendant, the new Earl, by way of reaction from this ancestral rôle, joined the Roman Catholic Church in the reign of Queen Victoria. He is, moreover, a judge of the arts, and he writes as neat a couplet at need as the amateur could desire.

THE late Earl himself, though best at his gun, was by no means incapable with his pen, as he proved when he contributed, some years ago, a series of reminiscences to the *Field*. In the Highlands he met Landseer, who had the right to be stalking over the same ground, but whom he mistook for a poacher—"a little strongly-built man, very like a Pocket Hercules or Puck." Lord Tankerville came upon him unawares, as he was grallocking his deer. "This he did with quietness and dexterity, not forgetting to work in the burn, the tallow, and other treasures. He next let the head hang over so as to display the horns, and then, squatting down on a stone opposite, took out of his pocket what I thought would be his pipe or whisky-flask"—as well it might have been. But it was a sketchbook. Lord Tankerville abstained from grallocking his human quarry, but came boldly into the open and so found himself face to face with his friend of many years to come—Landseer.

MME. DE FALBE died this week at Bournemouth, not at her house in Grosvenor-square, nor at Luton Hoo—the two houses which will long be associated with her brilliant hospitalities. Mme. de Falbe and Frances, Countess of Waldegrave were often named together, not only as successful entertainers in town and out of it, but as women whose marriages had been such successes that they were willing to repeat the experiment a second and a third time. Mme. de Falbe's case differed somewhat, inasmuch as she outlived her third husband and accepted widowhood as a fixed state. The daughter of Mr. Thomas Hawkes, belonging to a bygone generation of members of Parliament, she was very young as well as very much admired when, some sixty years ago, she married Mr. Ward, an uncle of the present Earl of Dudley. With her second husband, Mr. Gerard Leigh, she became that very delightful thing, the life tenant of Luton Hoo—a delight she was able to share

with her third husband, M. de Falbe, formerly Danish Minister at the Court of St. James. One of the saddest memories of her later life was that of the death of the Duke of Clarence, whose engagement to the Princess May had been finally fixed under her favourable roof.

GENERAL WAUCHOPE owed some of his inspirations to his name—which used to be printed as pronounced, "Walk-up"—at the time of the amazing increase of his poll in Midlothian, when he championed the Unionist cause against Mr. Gladstone. The name carries its own incongruous sadness now that the hero who bore it lies buried in South Africa: a man, not of valour merely, but of parts. Four times he had been wounded on other battle-fields, three times seriously, so that his friends had got a sort of confidence that he was fated to live and not to die. That was not his own faith, however. He had a foreboding when he left his Midlothian home that he left it for the last time; and one wonders what he thought when two warning bullets hit his helmet before a third came home and deprived him of all thought at all.

Correspondence.

Our "Gifted Correspondent."

SIR,—As I am the person referred to as a "professional Navy League lecturer" by your anonymous correspondent at Rottingdean, in his comment, published in your issue of the 16th inst., upon a brief address given by Mr. Rudyard Kipling at a Navy League meeting held at that village on the 24th of last month, I should like to be kindly allowed space for a very few observations.

Of these, the first is that, in a fairly wide experience of reporters' efforts, I have never seen a description so ludicrously at variance with fact as is your correspondent's account of Mr. Kipling's demeanour on the occasion in question. Even that exquisite literary figure, that Mr. Kipling "blushed like a great kid," has its justification wholly and solely in your correspondent's mysterious inner consciousness. Your Little England member of the audience is wrong in saying that Mr. Kipling was pale, wrong in saying that he appeared nervous, wrong in saying that he spoke at a terrific rate. As for his early departure, the necessity for this had been previously explained to those concerned.

With your correspondent's estimate of my own lecture I have not the least quarrel, but if his appreciation, or depreciation, of my own humble efforts be not more correct than his account of Mr. Kipling's behaviour, I confess to a haunting doubt as to whether it is worth much.

I do not quite know, by the way, what your anonymous friend means by applying the epithet "professional" to his description of myself. If he means to imply that lecturing is my sole vocation, he is wrong again, as I happen to be an individual actively occupied with my own private affairs. If he merely wishes to convey that I was paid for the task which I had the privilege to fulfil at Rottingdean, and which was to me veritably a labour of love, he is once more in error.

I fear, however, that I am, after all, doing your gifted correspondent an injustice, as I have a deep inward conviction that his real purpose in writing to you was to ascertain how many mistakes, misstatements, and mis-descriptions he could get into twenty-six lines.—I am, &c.,

H. F. WYATT.

United University Club, Pall Mall.

[We regret that our correspondent should have called Mr. Wyatt a professional lecturer. Mr. Wyatt clearly is no more a professional than our correspondent is a Little Englander. We have entire confidence in our correspondent's judgment and observation.]

Prince Otto.

SIR,—Plainly, your correspondent, F. W. Place, has not read Stevenson's letters very closely yet, or he could never suppose that *Prince Otto* was not quite earnestly written. I quote two passages:

My brief romance, *Prince Otto*—far my most difficult adventure up to now—is near an end. . . . I do not know if I have made a spoon or only spoiled a horn; but I am tempted to hope the first. . . . There is a good deal of stuff in it, both dramatic and, I think, poetic; and the story is not like these purposeless fables of to-day, but is, at least, intended to stand firm on a base of philosophy—or morals—as you please. It has been long gestated, and is wrought with care. (To W. H. Low, December 1883)

For me it is my chief o' works; hence probably not so for others, since it only means that I have here attacked the greatest difficulties. But some chapters towards the end—three in particular—I do think come off. I find them stirring, dramatic, and not unpoetical. We shall see, however; as like as not the effort will be more obvious than the success. For of course I strung myself hard to carry it out. (To Sidney Colvin, March 1884.)

These quotations may not present Stevenson's dispassionate judgment of the book. They are, it seems to me, ample proof that he wrote it in the most serious earnest. He acknowledges, however (letter to C. W. Stoddard, February 1886), "a giddy-mindedness which spoils the book, and often gives it a wanton air of unreality"; and he puts it down to "the difficulty of being ideal in an age of realism." It must be this "giddy-mindedness" which disappoints Mr. Cornford, and stirs distrust in Mr. Andrew Lang and your correspondent. For my part, I am with your other correspondent "C." I like *Prince Otto* best of all Stevenson's tales; and I love the streak of fantasy that makes it so absolutely his own.

If Mr. Cornford had had the right feeling for the book he could never, I think, have dragged the dawn in the forest from its context to exhibit it "highly commended" as a piece of romantic description.—I am, &c., Q.

Highgate: December 18, 1899.

Our Weekly Prize Competitions.

Result of No. 13 (New Series).

We asked last week for lists of books suitable to form the nucleus of the library of a Debating Society in a small town, the total cost of the books not to exceed £2. Many interesting lists have been supplied. After careful consideration we have decided to award the prize to Mr. Richard W. Mould, Newington Public Library, S.E., for the following excellent selection:

	£	s.	d.
"Hazell's Annual, 1900"	0	3	6
"Financial Reform Almanack, 1900"	0	1	0
Buxton's "Handbook to Political Questions of the Day"	0	10	6
Rose's "Rise of Democracy"	0	2	6
Brabrook's "Provident Societies and Industrial Welfare"	0	2	6
Cox's "Land Nationalisation"	0	2	6
Wilkins's "The Alien Invasion"	0	2	6
Graham's "The Rural Exodus"	0	2	6
Jeans' "Trusts, Pools, and Corners, as Affecting Commerce and Industry"	0	2	6
Hobson's "Problem of the Unemployed"	0	2	6
McCabe's "Can We Disarm?"	0	2	6
Acland and Ransome's "Handbook of Political History of England"	0	6	0
Ransome's "Our Colonies and India: How we got Them and Why we keep Them"	0	1	0
Montgredien's "History of the Free Trade Movement"	0	1	0
Dilke and Wilkinson's "Imperial Defence"	0	2	6
Wilkinson's "The Nation's Awakening"	0	3	6
Wilkinson's "The Command of the Sea"	0	1	0
Williams's "Foreigner in the Farmyard"	0	2	6
Lendam's "What Protection Does for the Farmer"	0	1	0
	£2	13	6
Discount, 25 per cent.	0	13	4½
	£2	0	1½

Other useful and interesting lists follow:

	Pub. Price.	Net.
s. d.	£	s. d.
Prof. E. A. Freeman's "General Sketch of European History" (Macmillan)	3	6 . . . 0 2 8
John Richard Green's "Short History of the English People" (Macmillan)	8	6 . . . 0 6 5
A. H. Dyke-Acland and Cyril Ransome's "A Handbook of the Political History of England to 1896" (Longmans)	6	0 . . . 0 4 6
H. de B. Gibbins's "The Industrial History of England" (Methuen)	3	0 . . . 0 2 3
Sir J. R. Seeley's "The Expansion of England" (Macmillan)	5	0 . . . 0 3 9
Prof. E. Jenks's "English Local Government" (Methuen)	2	6 . . . 0 1 11
Henry Craik's "The State in Its Relation to Education" (Macmillan)	2	6 . . . 0 1 11
J. A. Hobson's "Problems of Poverty" (Methuen)	2	6 . . . 0 1 11
Prof. E. A. Freeman's "Disestablishment and Disendowment: What are They?" (Macmillan)	2	0 . . . 0 1 6
W. Cunningham's "Modern Civilisation in some of its Economic Aspects" (Methuen)	2	6 . . . 0 1 11
Prof. C. F. Bastable's "The Commerce of Nations" (Methuen)	2	6 . . . 0 1 11
Thomas Raleigh's "Elementary Politics" (Oxford University Press Warehouse)	1	6 . . . 0 1 2
Mrs. Henry Fawcett's "Political Economy" (with questions) (Macmillan)	2	6 . . . 0 1 11
"Pros and Cons: A Guide to the Controversies of the Day." Edited by John Bertram Askew (over 300 pages, a wonderful shillingsworth) (Sonnenschein)	1	0 . . . 0 1 0
"Whitaker's Almanack, 1900"	2	6 . . . 0 1 11
"Hazell's Annual, 1900"	3	6 . . . 0 2 8
Sir Reginald F. D. Palgrave's "The Chairman's Handbook" (Knight & Co.)	1	0 . . . 0 0 9
	£2	0 1

Many booksellers provide 2s. 6d. books for 1s. 10d., in such a case the total would be just under £2.

The fact that the "country debating club" consists of "ardent politicians" greatly in need of information has, of course, influenced the foregoing selection.

[R. W. R., Manchester.]

	Pub. Price.	Net.
s. d.	£	s. d.
Green's "Short History of the English People"	8	6 . . . 0 6 5
McCarthy's "Short History of Our Own Times"	2	6 . . . 0 1 11
Bagehot's "English Constitution"	7	6 . . . 0 5 8
Seeley's "Expansion of England"	4	6 . . . 0 3 5
Mill's "Political Economy"	3	6 . . . 0 2 8
Carlyle's "French Revolution" 3 vols (Chapman, 1888)	3	0 . . . 0 2 3
Carlyle's "Latter Day Pamphlets"	2	6 . . . 0 1 11
Carlyle's "Past and Present"	2	6 . . . 0 1 11
Nunquam's "Merrie England" (paper covers)	0	3 . . . 0 0 3
"A Plea for Liberty" (paper covers)	1	0 . . . 0 0 9
Thoreau's "Essays" (Scott Library)	1	6 . . . 0 1 2
Mazzini's "Essays" (Scott Library)	1	6 . . . 0 1 2
"Political Orations from Wentworth to Macaulay" (Scott Library)	1	6 . . . 0 1 2
Wollstonecraft's "Vindication of the Rights of Women" (Scott Library)	1	6 . . . 0 1 2
George's "Progress and Poverty" (paper covers)	1	0 . . . 0 0 9
Mather's "Life and Teaching of John Ruskin"	3	6 . . . 0 2 8
Gibbins's "Industrial History of England"	3	0 . . . 0 2 3
Howell's "Trade Unionism, Old and New"	2	6 . . . 0 1 11
"Emigration and Immigration: Statistical Papers, with Report" (Parliamentary Paper)	0	4 . . . 0 0 4
	£1	19 9

[A. H. W., Westward Ho!]

Replies received also from: H. W. F., Cork; R. N., Sunderland; G. H., London; A. W. S., Sheffield; A. B. C., South Shields; D. F. H., London; W. M. W., Glasgow; H. G. H., Whitby; C. B., Boxhill; D. S., Glasgow; W. M., London; W. S., Derby; E. B., Eye; M. A. C., Cambridge; F. J. B., Winchester; W. H. B., West Ham; G. R., Aberdeen; E. M. W., London; C. M., Oundle; A. R., London; J. G. W., Glasgow.